

Mr. S----- M-----

ON HIS

Turning EVIDENCE.

Quantum mutatus ab illo,

TO all that Virtue's holy Ties can boast,
To Truth, to Honour, and to Manhood
lost,

How hast thou wandred from the sacred Road,
The Paths of Honesty, the Pole to God!
O! fallen! fallen from the high Degree
Of spotless Fame and pure Integrity!
Where all that Gallantry that fill'd your Breast,
The Pride of Sentiment, the Thought profess,
Th' unbiass'd Principle, the gen'rous Strain,
That warm'd your Blood, and beat in ev'ry Vein!
All! all are fled!—Once honest, steady, brave—
How great the Change!—to Coward, Traitor, Knave!

O! hateful Love of Life! that prompts the Mind,
The Godlike, Great, and Good to leave behind,

from

From Wisdom's Laws, from Honour's glorious Plan,
From all on Earth that dignifies the Man,
With Steps unhallow'd, wickedly to stray,
And Trust, and Friendship's holy Bands betray!
Curs'd Fear of Death! whose bugbear Terrors fright
Th' unmanly Breast from suff'ring in the Right;
That strikes the Man from th' elevated State,
From every Character, and Name of Great,
And throws him down beneath the vile Degree
Of galley'd Slaves, or Dungeon Villainy.

O! M——! M——! once of Truth approv'd,
Your Prince's Darling, by his Party lov'd,
When all were fond your Worth and Fame to raise,
And Expectation spoke your future Praise,
How could you sell that Prince, that Cause, that Fame,
For Life enchain'd to Infamy and Shame?
See gallant *ARTHUR*, whose undaunted Soul
No Dangers frighten, and no Fears controul,
With Unconcern the Ax and Block surveys,
And smiles at all the dreadful Scene displays;
While undisturb'd his Thoughts so steady keep,
He goes to Death as others go to Sleep.
Gay midst their Gibbets and devouring Fire,
What Numbers hardy in the Cause expire!
But what are these to thee? Examples vain;
Yet see, and blush, if still the Pow'r remain;
Behold the menial Hand that broke your Bread,
That wip'd your Shoes, and with your Crumbs was fed,
When Life and Riches profer'd to his View,
Before his Eyes the strong Temptation threw,

Rather



Rather than quit Integrity of Heart,
 Or act, like you, th' unmanly Traitor's Part,
 Disdains the Purchase of a worthless Life,
 And bares his Bosom to the butch'ring Knife,
 Each mean Compliance gallantly denies,
 And in mute Honesty is brave, and dies.
 While you, tho' tutor'd from your early Youth
 To all the Principles of steady Truth;
 Tho' Station, Birth, and Character conspire
 To kindle in your Breast the manly Fire,
 Friends, Reputation, Conscience, all disclaim,
 To Glory lost, and sunk in endless Shame,
 For the dull Privilege to breathe the Air,
 For everlasting Infamy declare,
 And down to late Posterity record,
 A Name that's curs'd; abandon'd and abhorr'd.

Go, Wretch! enjoy the Purchase you have gain'd,
 Scorn and Reproach your every Step attend,
 By all Mankind neglected and forgot,
 Retire to Solitude, retire and rot,
 But whither? Whither can the Guilty flee
 From the devouring Worms that never die,
 Those inward Stings that rack the Villain's Breast,
 Haunt his lone Hours, and break his tortur'd Rest?
 'Midst Caves, 'midst Rocks and Desarts you may find
 A safe Retreat from all the human Kind;
 But to what foreign Region can you run,
 Your greatest Enemy, yourself, to shun:
 Where'er thou go'st, wild Anguish and Despair,
 And black Remorse attend with hideous Stare,

Tear

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Tear your distracted Soul with Torments fell;
Your Passions Devils, and your Bosom Hell.

Thus may you drag your heavy Chain along,
Some Minutes more inglorious Life prolong;
And when the Fates shall cut a Coward's Breath,
Weary of Being, yet afraid of Death,
If Crimes like thine hereafter are forgiven,
Judas and M^{ary}, both, may go to Heaven.



F I N I S.

Go, Wretch! enjoy the Punishment you have gain'd,
Torn and Racked, your every Step attend;
By all Mankind rejected and forgot,
Kiss the so Spiteful, and the so
And whither Wretch can the guilty flee
From the devouring Worms that never die.

L O N D O N,

Printed for T. Coburn, ~~Printed for~~

A the nearest from all the human Kind,
But as with foreign Regions can you find
Your greatest Enemy, your worst, to him;
Where'er thou go'st, with Anguish and Despair,
And black Horrors attend with hideous Scare,

Test